

hands ; his father stood at the foot of the narrow bed looking on his dying son. " I am glad to see you," said the invalid feebly, " for I am near my end ; Mary I release you from your engagement, I hope you will find a husband more worthy of you ; I am dying, the victim of my own miserable folly, justly punished for preferring to those that loved me, the company of the heartless, the vicious, and the idle. I am very faint, I feel heavy—do not leave me—father—mother,—Mary—oh my God ! His eyes close for a moment, and then opened, glazed in the gaze of death.

He was gone, and we will not even in idea follow him into Eternity. What would it avail to depict the hopeless grief of the little group. It would be but drawing one solitary instance from the great mass of human desolation and misery which is daily occasioned by the same deadly vice ; which parches the hearts of the brave, perverts the gifts of genius ; sinks the man beneath the brute on earth, and incurs the penalty of an eternity of woe, which leaves behind only a blotted memory, and an awful but alas, too often a fruitless example !!!

Several years after the death of Eliwood, the old Barrack Serjeant returned to Europe. He was sitting on the porch seat of the church of the village of ***** in the west of England, his old companion Bill Owens was beside him. He pulled out a London Paper which had just come by post—" Read the Army news" said Bill. He read for a few moments, and then suddenly springing up exclaimed, " bravo ! bravo ! my own boy"—the passage was from the London Gazette to the following effect. " — Regt. Serjeant Major Claude Irvine to be Quarter Master, vice Jones, deceased." " Now Bill, that was all my doing—I set that boy on his legs, I'll tell you how I came to leave off drinking myself.—When we lay at Whallie Camp in Essex, there was an order for us to go to —" at this moment a pack of hounds came running